74 abbey Street, Dublin

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My dear Mr Garrison 11th Oct 1876

I feel moved to write to you — you have often been in my thoughts of late, & besides you sent me a paper the other day with a letter regarding the Election. You may be sure that I always value anything from your pen. I had a note from Mark some weeks ago: as my brother was returning soon (he sailed about a fortnight ago) I thought I'd get him to procure the book I wanted and not bother Mark further at present.

My wife & I spent August & the commencement of this month in Switzerland, Paris. I had not been there for 19 years. It was her first visit, & it was my first visit to Switzerland. We enjoyed ourselves very much, taking the usual round. At several hotels, where I thought I was on your track, I looked up the old visitors books, and found, sometimes your party & sometimes your father's name, sometimes your party alone. My father's peculiar hand, & your copperplate, were always

easily distinguishable among the Slavs and "foreign" visiting. Both of us felt we would like again to visit the Continent: but while it was very pleasant to get home, & to home duties & cares, which are, after all, the salt of life. If even if it were in my power to live abroad, free from all care & responsibility, I would not choose to do-life would appear to aimless and useless. While I was abroad my Father & Mother were constantly in my mind. As to her, I was full of regret that she had never seen the beauties of Switzerland, she would have been so capable of appreciating in a higher way than I ever can hope to appreciate them. Her life was indeed "cumbered" with much serving - from philanthropic work - and before her death travelling was not so easy & so much the custom; nor were we then so easy in money matters.

Shortly after my return, my brother returned to the U.S. My sister went to Spenda month in Galway - So we are

rather lonely. At such times my mind
reverts very much to old times — and old
friends & the times of the Standard dark-
Kansas struggle come back very forcibly
although blessed with a good wife, I
cannot but feel deeply the rapid dying
out of the old circle — and having any
children, their places are not taken
by others. And then there appears no
such high aim to work for & get interested
in as there was 20 years ago;
and of course my heterodoxy cuts me
off very much here from possible
usefulness. My hopes of much
change for the better here have pretty
well broken down; I have come
to see that with a County deeply
imbued with Catholicism, as this is, there
can be little deep & true progress — while
the channels of thought are taken
off — indeed, in many respects ~~the~~
~~Catholic~~ worldliness in a Catholic
County like this is a test of cutting
off of possible usefulness to a Protes-
tant of my temperament.

all my regrets are personal. The progress of the world & enlightenment which men as well could scarcely have conceived of 75 years ago. Not have anything personally to complain of, as I have at present, good health & an easy mind. I only write these matters to explain how it is I am constantly so much thrown back on the past, and how my mind is so constantly reverting to old times, in which you name and influence, before all others, were prominent. You of course have not like - as you have those hopes (certainties in your case) theoretically cherished by most as to another life.

I don't suppose there ever was such a communion as the A. S. Service brought about between high souls - such an opening up of the best sentiments, such as one can only have now. I do not expect an answer to this note - you have much more important matters to refer to. Hope you are both quite well. Hope to see you again before many years are over

Yours ever
Alfred Webb

Hs. A. 1.2 v. 38, p. 64B